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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY DEAN SWIFT.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Limerick, April, 1830.

Sir—I send you an extract from an unpublished poem, by Dean Swift, now in my possession. It was placed in my hands by a lady who resides in the County of Clare; and had been discovered amongst the papers of the late Bishop Bernard, of this city, whose intimacy with the great satirist is well known. It bears the Dean's own signature, and from the date (September 7th, 1728) which he has prefixed, (as he was in the habit of doing to many of his light pieces,) I conclude that it was written when Swift was residing at Market Hill, (the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson.) His letters, and the journal to Stella, contain several allusions corroboratory of the genuineness of the poem, as will appear from a perusal of the few notes I have subjoined to the extract. The little piece may not be thought in his best vein, yet it bears the stamp of his spirit in a sufficient degree to make what is called the *internal evidence* of its paternity abundantly conclusive, and the irony in part is exquisitely subdued. It appears to have been written with the view of dissuading his friend Lindsay from embracing the legal profession; and the extract which I give presents a sketch which is graphic at least; although the portrait is viewed through a mischief-making medium. He is banteringly defending the cause of the profession against those who say that the lawyer's money is easily earned, and lends his satire (like Mrs. Candour's scandal) the veil of charity. I preserve exactly the spelling and punctuation as they are in the original:—

## THE LAWYER.

I own the curses of mankind  
Sit light upon a Lawyer's mind  
The Clamours of Ten Thousand Tongues  
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs,  
I own his conscience always free  
(Provided he has got his fee)  
Secure of constant peace within,  
He knows no Guilt who knows no sin.

Yet, well they merit to be pity'd  
By Clients always overwitted:  
And tho' the gospel seems to say  
What heavy burdens Lawyers lay  
Upon the Shoulders of their Neighbour,  
Nor lend a finger to the Labour,  
Always for saving their own Baron;  
No doubt the text is here mistaken  
The Copy's false, or sense is ract;  
To prove it, I appeal to fact,  
And thus by demonstration shew  
What burdens Lawyers undergo.

With early Clients at his Door  
Tho' he was drunk the night before,  
And crop-sick with unclub'd for wine  
The Wretch must be at Court by nine,  
Half sunk beneath his Briefs and Bag  
As ridden by a midnight Hag:  
Then from the Bar harangues the Bench  
In English vile, and viler French,  
And Latin vilest of the Three  
And all for poor Ten Moydore's fee—  
Of Paper how is he profuse?  
With periods long in terms abstruse,  
What pains he takes to be prolix?  
A thousand lines to stand for six;  
Of Common Sense without a word in:  
And, is not this a grievous burden?

The Lawyer is a Common Drudge  
To fight our Cause before the Judge;  
And what is yet a greater Curse  
Condemn'd to bear his Client's Purse,  
While he at ease Secure and light  
Walks boldly home at dead of night;  
When Term is ended leaves the Town  
Trots to his Country Mansion down,  
And disencumbered of his Load,  
No danger dreads upon the road.

Displeas'd Rapparees and rides,  
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.  
Lindsay 'tis you have set me on  
To state this Question pro and Con  
My Satyr may offend its true,  
However it concerns, not you,  
I own there may in every Clan  
Perhaps be found one honest man;  
Yet link them close, in this they jump,  
To be but Rascals in the lump.

In the conclusion of the poem, (which, even in the sketch just given, presents some touches of that shade of sober irony which has immortalized the Academy of Lagoda,) the Dean grows personal; and concludes with a joke at his old acquaintances, Carter (the Master of the Rolls,) Richard Tighe, and Connolly, to whom Lord Wharton was charged with having sold the place of a Privy Councillor, and Commissioner of the Revenue, and who was afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and a Lord Justice. Robert Lindsay, to whom the poem is addressed, (and whose name it bears in the title,) is often mentioned with affectionate regard in the Dean's works; and is, I believe, the same to whom, in the will of Esther Vanhomrigh, we find the sum of £25 bequeathed, to buy a ring.

I will add, Sir, that I feel a great satisfaction in being able to forward so valuable a contribution to the Dublin Literary Gazette—being the first attempt made for a long time to revive what that brilliant writer immortalized—the local literature of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF THE COLLEGIANS.

## SONETTO.

O sonno, o della queta, umida, ombrosa  
Notte placido figlio; o de' mortali  
Egri conforto, oblio dolce de' mali  
Sì gravi ond' è la vita aspra e noiosa;  
Soccorri al core omai, che langua e posa  
Non aye; e queste membra stanche e frali  
Solleva: a me ten vola, o sonno, e l'ali  
Tue brune sovra me distendi e posa.  
Ov' è l' silenzio che l' di fugge, e l' lume?  
E i lievi sogni, che con non secure  
Vestigia di sognarti han per costume?  
Lasso! che 'nvan te chiamo, e queste ocure,  
E gelide ombre invan lusingo: o piume  
D'asprezza colme! o notti acerbe e dure!

DELLA CASA.

## TRANSLATION.

O sleep! O gentle offspring of the calm  
The humid, shady night; O kind resource  
Of mortals tired! Oblivion's welcome balm,  
When woes oppress—O'erburden life's sad course.  
Aid now the heart that languishes, and rest  
Hath none; let these faint limbs thy succour lure;  
Fly to me, sleep! and o'er my couch unbrest,  
Thy murky wings expanded poised—secure.  
Where's now the stillness which this gloom profound,  
These hours invite? and the light dreams—the train  
(With fleeting trace,) which follow—sleep! thy round?  
Invoked alas! in vain! I toil in vain,  
Coaxing the darksome shadows which abound;  
O rugged down!—Nights of unrest and pain!

H. Y.

## THE SYLPH'S MISTAKE.

A drop shines on Matilda's cheek,  
Tell me from whence it fell,  
From heaven, as if it came to seek  
Some rose's blushing cell?  
Or from those eyes whose azure hue,  
Mid liquid lustre gleams,  
As if the deepest sapphire's blue,  
Sparkled through chrystal streams?  
A sylph replied, "this trembling tear  
Tells not of selfish woe;  
Nor pain, nor enmity, nor fear,  
Have tempted it to flow;  
Such tears bedim an angel's eye,  
When man has turned to crime,  
Ah! this much claims its native sky,  
And not an earthly clime."  
"The true," Matilda cried, "those eyes  
Fill not from pain or dread;  
But mustard, when too strong, supplies  
Such tears as angels shed."

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

Sir Walter Scott has undertaken an interesting new work for Mr. Murray, being a History of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Witchcraft and Demonology in Scotland.—Lockhart's beautiful ballad from the Spanish, "Arise, arise, Xerifa," has been dramatised for the private theatricals at Bridgewater House, in which Lord and Lady Normanby, Lady Francis Leveson Gower, and many other ladies and gentlemen of distinction, perform.—Newton the artist, has recently completed three fine new works, a Contemplative Abbot—Shylock's Parting Charge to Jessica, and the Grissette, at Calais, measuring her gloves across the hand of Sterne—Halleck, one of the most popular of the American poets, is about to publish a new volume.—Translations of several French novels, have lately been published in the United States.—A plan is in agitation at New York, for establishing in that city, a University on the plan of the London University.—His Majesty has declined the offer contained in the will of the late President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, of his most valuable collection of drawings, by the great masters of Italy and the Netherlands.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Aphorisms of Hippocrates; with a free Version and Notes.—Gregory's Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, to be published in Numbers.—A second volume of the British Naturalist.—A new edition of the Stories of popular Travels in South America.—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected.—A Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map, and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getæ and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr.—A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann.—Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse and Commerce of the principal Nations of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren, and also Professor Heeren's Manual of the History of the European States System and their Colonies.—The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy, whose preceding productions displayed so much poetical genius.—The author of Pelham, has in the press a new novel to be called Paul Clifford.—Colonel Bory de St. Vincent has been appointed by the French Minister of the Interior to edit a work on Greece, and having directed the first Expedition in the Morea, he will probably be able to furnish many particulars relative to that country. The book is expected shortly.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Warner's Literary Recollections, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 6s. boards.—Britton's Bristol Cathedral, 4to. £1. 4s. imperial 4to. £2. 2s. boards.—Brady's Instructions to Executors, third edition, 8vo. 8s. boards.—Auldjo's Mont Blanc, second edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Mouk's Life of Bentley, with portrait, 4to. £3. 8s. boards.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Fossil Remains, 8vo. £1. 16s. royal 8vo. £2. 14s. demy 4to. £3. 12s. boards.—Burrowes' Hours of Devotion, translated from the German, 8vo. 14s. boards.—Dean Graves' Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—De Morgan's Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Fenwick's Parisian Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. half-bd.—Eanthie, a Tale of the Druids, and other Poems, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Darwall's plain Instructions for Management of Infants, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards.—French and English Dialogues on the Literal System, 12mo. 4s. boards.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &amp;c.

We are reluctantly obliged to defer the Sunday at Kingstown, for another week. Rosenkranz is quite right in his demagogical conjectures: Blue-devils the first dull week. We are heartily ashamed of the length of time we have been obliged to put off some of our kind poetical friends; but let them have patience, and we shall pay them all. We have received Mr. Kelly's pamphlet and letter; but we cannot make our Journal an arena for discussions in polemical divinity.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

## WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

This day is published, price 2s.

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